

# A DIAOLOGUE BETWEEN THE E. of Sh-- and L. Bell--

133.

In the *Tower*, concerning the PLOT.

S. **M**Y Lord,            B. Who's there ?  
                         S. A Melancholly Peer :  
                         B. Your Name ?            S. 'Tis S——ry.  
                         B. Then come not here.

Yet hold, methinks though, I am pleas'd to see  
Your Lordship in such Honest Company.

'Tis long since you and I exchang'd a Word,  
But 'tis to you I owe the Thanks my Lord.

Why should you make our Plot a Female one?  
And Copulating with her get a Son.

Is't thus you Signalize your Fame and Worth,  
To let your Plots from ours have their Birth?  
My Lord, I thought you more your Honour priz'd,  
Than to endure to be thus Scandaliz'd.

S. Saving your Lordships Favour, you must know,  
That I have as much right to Plot as you.

I took more pains then ever you yet did,  
But all my pinking could not keep it hid.

B. This Plaguy Justice is a bitter thing :

S. And so is Law, Religion and a King.

B. But heark you Sir, do you take us for Fools,  
To rail against us, and yet use our Rules?

Cannot we sow Division in a State,

But you must do it too at any Rate?

Can't we broach Maximes for Deposing Kings, }

Trample on Crowns, and use Ambitious Wings, }

But you must act the same great Noble things? }

Is't not enough for us to do what's evil, }

But you must also give your self to th' Devil? }

S. Nay pray Sir, I beseech you ben't uncivil :

Perhaps in him I claim as much as you ;

I for Religion wear the truest Blew.

There wants a Reformation in the State,  
And the *True Protestants* I would make Great.

The Duke of *Tork* I would Exclude in Season,

And set up M—— without Sense or Reason.

I with the Godly ones will once more Joyn,

To darken and destroy the Royal Line.

B. Now 'tis you have a Zealous Rebels Fate,  
Thus Fairly Suffering for the Saints o'th' State.

But yet my Lord, I do not understand,

Why you should take our Plot out of our Hand,

And rob us of that Honour we should have.

Pray good my Lord, let me your Reasons crave.

I say 'twas perfect Theft.

A

S. You



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S. You went about  
The grand Affair as if you'd ne'r get out.  
It was but Bunglingly you made a show,  
Our Plot from Sounder Politicks does grow.  
Our Cause the Godly's is, who would once more,  
Make *Eighty One* dance back to *Fourty Four*.  
Faction and Tumult I will still prefer,  
For I'm secure by being Popular.

B. And what did Fate at last upon you shower,  
But Bungle you with me here in the *Tower*?  
Suppos' you should be made in each degree,  
To be a greater Traitor far than me;  
You that have set three Kingdoms in a Flame,  
By the Grand Magick of a Triple Name.  
You that have rigged in as many Shapes,  
As *Proteus*, or a Colony of *Apes*.  
You that have headed Factions, still appear'd  
Like the great *Northern* Star by which they steer'd.  
You that have been so Treacherous to a King,  
So constant to the many-headed thing.  
So False to Princes, so unjust to Peers,  
How durst thou venture to prophane my Ears,  
With your old Grievance, *Jealousies and Fears*?  
You dug this pit for us, but Justice shows,  
He that's a Foe to Friends, and Friend to Foes,  
Tho' spar'd a while, yet ne'er unpunisht goes.  
How free from Plots I liv'd, let time declare,  
But for your wiles I might have breath'd elsewhere;  
Tho' now (like you) I'm forc'd to take this Air.  
Oh! that since Justice has been yet so kind,  
To spare you, you'd be *Popishly* enclin'd;  
And let this space (how short the Heavens know)  
That's now vouchsaf'd you to consume below,  
Be spent in Prayers and Tears, that this blest place,  
You like your *Purgatory* may embrace.  
Disgorge your Ape-sick Soul of all that's past,  
Speak Truth, and that once spoken, speak your last.  
*Farewel.*

S. But hold my Lord, one word for me,  
Pray let me show you my Integrity.

B. Begone, I'll hear no more, but this I'll leave,  
The poor unthinking Crowd to undeceive.  
He that would write a second part of thee,  
Must dip in Gall, and work with Tragedy.  
Abandon Conscience, break, not fear the Laws,  
Throw off Allegiance to support the Cause.  
Be this, or that, or any thing that's Ill,  
Make Plots, then find 'em out, Forswear and Kill,  
And frame a *Magna Charta* of his Will.  
Side with the growing Faction; ridicule  
All but the patient *Ass* and plodding *Mule*.  
Vail with Religion, that's a certain Mask,  
The Godly party 'll give before you Ask.  
But his Meanders cannot be exprest,  
Words are too mean, I blush to think the rest.